

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 52

No.

7

DECEMBER, 1919

Price

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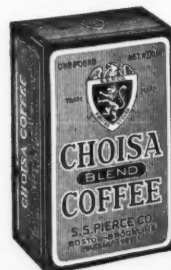
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# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANCELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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Vol. 52

December, 1919

No. 7

To every Reader the Merriest possible Christmas!

WHATEVER special kindness any of us may show this Christmas time to little child, or human friend, or bird, or beast, will bring to us a blessing greater than that we give.

WHEN notified that a "broncho-busting," "bull-dogging" exhibition was to be given in his honor while in the West, President Wilson declined to attend it.

IF the number of horses has not increased in proportion to the population, it is also true that the number of milk and meat animals has also not increased in comparison with the population. This fact is causing no little concern.

THAT the Jack London Club is beginning to tell against the trained animal performance is evidenced by the letter from San Francisco appearing on the page in this magazine devoted to the Club. We shall receive more such letters as time goes on.

GOVERNOR COOPER of South Carolina suggests that where there are insufficient humane officers to see to the observance of anti-cruelty laws that the State make use of its game wardens to this end. An excellent idea if the game wardens really care for animals.

STILL the destruction of the beautiful heron goes on. A hidden package of aigrettes, valued at \$25,000, was recently discovered by a customs inspector of San Francisco in the engine room of an incoming steamship. No one could be found admitting ownership. Their importation into this country is unlawful. Let us hope they were destroyed.

OCTOBER thirtieth the Horse Publicity Association met in New York City. Its object is not to advertise the horse, but to put over against certain statements constantly being made by the motor industry the actual facts as to the present status and value of the horse. The Association should have little difficulty in showing that the horse must yet be depended upon for the most vital work involved in transportation, and in labor on the farm.

## "GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN" STILL

LOUELLA C. POOLE

O TROUBLED hearts, forget your pain,  
Your grief and loss, now once again  
The merry Yule-tide brings  
Its joy of giving, song and mirth  
To gladden all the hearts of earth,  
And once more celebrate the birth  
Of our great King of Kings!

Come, little birds and friendly beasts,  
And share with us the Yule-tide feasts  
Earth spreads so lavishly!  
O children, let your voices gay  
Banish all gloom and doubt away!  
Be wholly happy for this Day,  
And dance around the Tree!

Ring, Christmas bells! Your message gives  
Faith to believe that Truth still lives!  
Ring, ring, with right good will!  
For though humanity's bruised breast  
Is throbbing with a wild unrest,  
Man longs and strives yet for the best!  
God's in His Heaven still!

## A RAY OF HOPE

READERS of this magazine know the long-continued contention we have made for proper meat inspection in this country. This has been not only in the interests of the public health, but in the interests of the animals slaughtered for food. Unnecessary as are many of the cruelties inflicted upon animals in the great abattoirs, they are less by far than those suffered in the innumerable small and filthy slaughter pens that are a disgrace to every state in the union. The higher the grade of inspection the better the treatment of the animals is apt to be. As more than a third of all the meat supply comes from these miserable country slaughter-houses, where the inspection is generally little more than a farce, it is encouraging to know that public opinion is slowly being formed which will demand that all meat inspection shall be under Federal officials. The Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States is wisely urging this. Think of a civilized country like ours in which less than one-third of the cities of 5,000 have any kind of meat inspection.

## THREE HUNDRED MILES IN FIVE DAYS

THE endurance test whereby, in October, a number of horses were ridden over a stretch of 300 miles in five days for the purpose of determining, if possible, the best sort of horse for the United States Cavalry, has excited much comment. Humane Societies were called upon to interfere, or to take some vigorous action. But there was nothing, as this test was carried out, that a humane society could do. These horses were under the constant care of veterinarians who were bound to take the horse from the road whenever he gave evidence of suffering either from lameness or exhaustion. No humane officer could have done more than this, had he followed over the course. A friend who saw the horses pass his house near Concord, when the next to the last day's stop was made, told us, and he is an excellent horseman, that he could say nothing more than that, if he had been driving them, he should have felt they were tired and would be glad to get to Concord.

From newspaper reports it would seem that some of them were kept on the road much too long after plainly showing signs of exhaustion. This should not have been permitted. How far the test actually served its purpose we have not yet learned. Unless some positive good can come from these tests, we are opposed to them as putting a wholly unnecessary strain upon a faithful servant who will go till he drops.

## HORSE SENSE

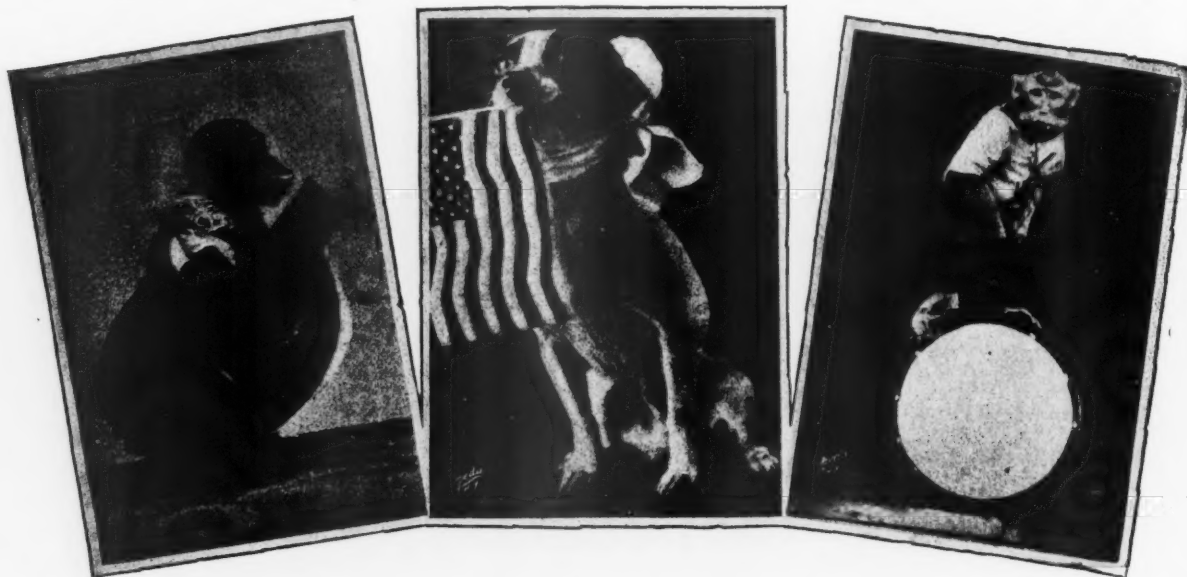
THE superiority of the horse to any other motive power on the farm rests in his greater flexibility and versatility. He is adapted to a greater variety of tasks, and will also meet the requirements of any one of many kinds of work under a greater variety of conditions. His "horse sense," his ability to grasp and respond to the wish of his driver, and even to solve certain problems on his own account if need be, gives him a value that can never be attained by mechanical apparatus.

OUR readers will be interested to know that the cost of our magazine, because of the advance in paper and labor, is two and a third times as much today as three years ago. This same advance holds true in the prices we have now to pay for the large quantities of literature we publish.



## THE JACK LONDON CLUB CONTINUES TO GROW

INCREASE IN MEMBERSHIP SINCE LAST ISSUE, 5,080. TOTAL MEMBERSHIP 71,320



STAGE PERFORMERS WHO ARE THE SAD VICTIMS OF INNUMERABLE CRUELITIES

**I**F you never happened to see this magazine before, probably you are wondering what the Jack London Club is. It's a society with no officers and no dues. It was started, primarily, because of Jack London's disclosures of the cruelties behind the trick animal performances in our theaters and other places. He was no sentimentalist. He never cried "wolf" when there was no "wolf" or asked you to weep when there was no cause for tears. But he says that in the trained animal performance cruelty has blossomed into its perfect flower.

To join this Club all you have to do is to agree to do the one thing that London says will finally banish these performances from the stage, viz.: get up and go out of the theater during that part of the program. Will you do it? If so, please send us your name.

#### READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

The book is published by the Macmillan Co. at \$1.50. We will send the "Foreword" free to any asking for it. A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Twenty-eight copies of the book have already been given as prizes; several of these to schools.

#### A Telling Letter

Secretary McCurrie, of the San Francisco S. P. C. A., writes:

The power of the Jack London Club is beginning to be felt by the trainers of animals in vaudeville acts as shown in an instance related to me by the manager of one of the large vaudeville circuits of the U. S. This manager is very fond of dogs and will not knowingly allow any cruelty in his theater. Upon going on the stage one morning recently the owner of a dog act which had been on the program a few days was trying out a dog, and when the manager remonstrated with him for striking his dog viciously he replied, "What is it to you?" He re-

plied, "I am manager of this theater," and pulling a number of Jack London cards out of his pocket, he told him that the protests represented patrons who had left the theater during his act and that he was "killing his own game" by such treatment of the animals used by him. He was told in no uncertain language that unnecessary cruelty such as he had just witnessed would not be tolerated on his circuit.

#### From an Eye Witness

An intelligent woman who travels in a well-known vaudeville circuit sends us word through a friend concerning Schepps Comedy Circus composed of dogs and monkeys. Her story of the beatings she has seen and the heartless treatment of the animals we shall not repeat. It is too repelling. One would think this man, getting his living out of these poor creatures, would feed and care for them properly, yet he does not. She herself has often bought food for them to stop their cries of hunger. Look out for this "Schepps Comedy Circus."

#### A Stinging Editorial

The following editorial appeared in *The Detroit Saturday Night* of October 11, signed by the editor:

#### BEAR BAITING IN DETROIT

In a local vaudeville theater there has been shown, during the past week, an animal act more than usually offensive to those persons to whom the spectacle of suffering is displeasing. Such people are evidently in the minority, for the act provoked tumultuous applause from the audience. A bear was caused to cavort around the stage on a pair of roller skates without respite for ten or fifteen minutes and as a finale was goaded into a "wrestling match" with a gentleman summoned from the wings. The bear wore a muzzle and its claws were cut and it was pounded upon, knocked about and generally manhandled, to the vast delight of the theater patrons. At intervals the animal's

proprietor bowed gracefully to the multitude with becoming diffidence.

To enjoy this sort of thing is to respond to the same humane impulse which moved the spectators at a gladiatorial combat in ancient Rome, and which today sends thousands of Spaniards to the weekly bull-fight. The comic is but one short step removed from the pitiful, and the ability to distinguish one from the other is an index of civilization. Bear-baiting was the thing in Anglo-Saxon countries several hundred years ago, but until this week we had supposed it to have gone out of fashion.

#### From Albert Payson Terhune

The author of "Lad — a Dog." This noted writer, growing so rapidly in popular favor wherever his book and his articles are known, says:

"As to the cruelty of so-called 'Trained Animal Acts,' I am, heart and soul, in favor of abolishing such tortures. Every simplest trick performed by a dog on the stage is the net result of innumerable beatings and starvings and of even worse tortures. Every trained cat is the survivor of not less than 27 kittens starved to death to make them learn. (Dogs can be tortured into learning tricks. Cats can only be starved into learning.) No Humane Society has done its work conscientiously, unless it has registered a protest against the Trained Animal act.

"Every one knows that, with wild animals, this torture is tenfold severe; as the initial savagery has also to be scared out of the luckless victims."

#### The "Public School Magazine," Canada

In the United States a club has been formed called the "Jack London Club." It has over thirty thousand members, and every member is pledged to get up and go out of any theater where a trained animal performance is taking place. Public sentiment is rapidly coming to look upon such performances as cruel in most cases, and unnatural at best. It is time we

Canadians were doing something in this regard, too.

#### The "Staten Island Transcript" Says

Performing birds are often taught by starvation. How many are aware that the pretty doves that fly when released to the bespangled artists, and form themselves into geometrical patterns on her head and outstretched arms, are often the sole survivors of hundreds which have been starved and then only fed when they perched upon an exact spot on the owner's arms?

Performing monkeys seldom live more than a few months. Many of them die of fright while being trained, and it is consequently necessary for trainers to keep a large number of animal understudies.

#### From an English Authority

We are often asked where the animal performers are trained. The greater part of this wretched business is done on the Continent, but little in this country. The words below are from a leaflet published by the *Animals' Guardian* and written by S. L. Bensusan.

The demand for trained animals has led to the establishment of houses on the Continent where they are broken in and trained. With the horrors that take place there we have nothing to do; the average foreigner has no soft place in his heart for brute creation. In Southern France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy sights that would make an Englishman ill pass unnoticed, and outside Europe humanity is a thing unknown. Consequently, it is sufficient to say that the majority of the performing animals are trained abroad. To the training establishment comes some man or woman who wishes to purchase a troupe. It may be a broken-down acrobat or circus rider, desirous of earning a living by the labor of others, or a demi-mondaine from Paris or Vienna lacking an opportunity of publicity. Whoever comes may buy; if the purchase consist of monkeys or elephants, the purchaser is warned not to be too barbarous, for these particular animals quickly succumb to ill-treatment; if they are dogs or bears—well, it does not much matter how they are treated. The purchaser is advised to have about a couple of rehearsals in each week, and with these and proper management the animals will earn a good living for their proprietor.

#### From a Theater Manager

At the beautiful Palace Theater of Varieties in Shaftesbury Avenue, the veteran manager, Mr. Charles Morton, was very outspoken. "Speaking personally," he said, "I should like all performing animal shows to be done away with. Fifty years' experience has taught me that they are attended with cruelty in varying degrees. I will not go into the question of training by kindness; it is possible in theory, and seldom or never apparent in practice. I should welcome any steps that would improve the present condition of things, and would give any assistance I could."

#### THE MOVING PICTURE

AN interesting letter comes to us from a fellow worker in Philadelphia telling of the cruelties reproduced in films that portray trained animal acts and scenes in which unfortunate animals are made to play a part that can mean only suffering. How can it entertain an audience of even half intelligent people to see a dog with a balloon large enough to keep lifting him off his feet tied to his tail and so

### Christmas Time

Christmas time! That man must be a misanthrope indeed in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused, in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened by the recurrence of Christmas. There are people who will tell you that Christmas is not to them what it used to be; that each succeeding Christmas has found some cherished hope or happy prospect of the year before dimmed or passed away; that the present only serves to remind them of reduced circumstances and straitened incomes—of the feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends and of the cold looks that meet them now in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dismal reminiscences. There are few men who have lived long enough in the world who cannot call up such thoughts any day in the year. Then do not select the merriest of the 365 for your doleful recollections.

CHARLES DICKENS

greatly distressing him? Or who but the heartless could laugh at seeing an automobile dash into a flock of inoffensive geese and scatter them and their feathers in every direction?

Today a protest comes from some young lads in Portland, Maine, who complain of a film seen by them in which a six-horse team is made to plunge over a precipice. Will not our readers, whenever witnessing any of these pictures which have involved cruelty in the preparation of them and which inculcate the spirit of cruelty, write their protest to theater managers and the film manufacturers, whose name generally appears on the film?

#### JACK LONDON CLUB IN WASHINGTON

UNDER the auspices of the Washington (D. C.) Humane Society, of which Mr. J. P. Briggs is the efficient acting president, a meeting was held, October 24, which was reported in the *Washington Post* as follows:

Abolishment of trained animal acts from American theatrical programs in the near future was predicted by Guy Richardson, of Boston, editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, speaking last night at a meeting in the Public Library. He told of various methods of training animals, and characterized them as "gross cruelty."

After reading letters, including one from Elsie Janis, denouncing animal acts, Mr. Richardson explained the work of the recently organized Jack London Club. Although formed only twenty months ago to fight animal performances, he said the organization now has a membership of 71,000 in the United States and forecast its growth, both in this country and abroad.

### I AM THE ANIMALS' POET

SAIDEE GERARD RUTHRAUFF

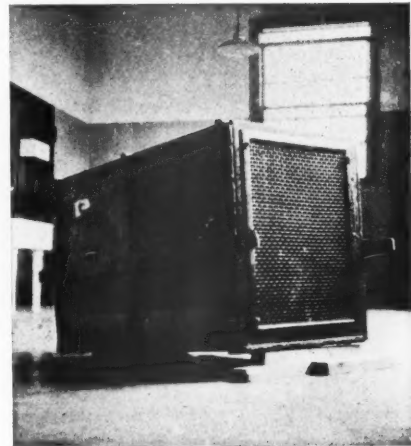
*I AM the animals' poet,  
I am the poet of the animals.*

*I'd rather write the sonnet of a cat,  
If it would lighten somewhat Life's hard leaning  
On that great psychic creature wrapped so small,  
Than be the poet laureate of the world!*

*I'd rather make a little humble prayer  
To help, on its rough way, some tired horse,  
Than have the mighty Shakespeare's wonder-work  
Beneath my name!*

*I'd rather sing a song of those great dogs—  
Half canine, half divine—that won the war;  
A song whose notes would echo round the world,  
Than fling a star like Sirius!*

*I am the animals' poet,  
I am the poet of the animals.*



THE LEOPARD'S CAGE

THIS cage, 4 feet 6 inches long by 2½ feet wide by 3 feet high, is the home in which a full-grown performing leopard which was brought to our Hospital for treatment, lives. When not on the stage it is confined in this small box during the season it is on the circuit of the theaters where the performance is booked. To shut up in a box like this for nearly all its natural life such a creature, born to roam the forest, is nothing less than barbarous. Yet self-respecting people are supposed to be entertained to see the poor cowed animal jump about at the command of its trainer.

#### MASSACHUSETTS TRAPPING LAW

POISON may not be used to kill animals, except rats, woodchucks, or other pests on one's own premises. The use of steel traps with spread of over 6 inches and "choke" traps with greater opening than 6 inches is unlawful, as is also the use of snares or, except with consent of landowner, of scented baits. Traps may not be set on inclosed lands of another without written consent. Traps must be visited at least once in 24 hours. Animals "may be taken from traps on the Lord's day," but traps may not be set or reset on Sunday.

HUMANE education "meets the heart's great need."

## FLANDERS' FIELDS, 1919

LUCY E. CHURCH

*IN Flanders' fields the poppies grow  
Above the dead who sleep below,  
The holy dead who gave their lives  
That mothers, daughters, sisters, wives  
The dread and horror might not know  
Of Flanders' fields.*

*The foe is crushed, and now no more  
Is heard the cannons' dreadful roar;  
Instead the gladly beating drum  
Welcomes our brave defenders home.*

*Yet, while in grateful memory deep  
The living and the dead we keep,  
Let us rejoice, but not forget  
Our vanquished foes are brothers yet.*

*Let the sweet words of Him still live  
Who from the Cross could say forgive;  
Let bitterness and hatred die,  
Lest all in vain our heroes lie  
In Flanders' fields.*

## MAKE THEM SANCTUARIES

**W**HY should not our cemeteries be made everywhere into places of refuge and protection for our birds? What could be simpler than to plant in them such trees as, by the fruits they bear, would attract to them these untiring servants of man? If safe nesting places were provided in addition to those the birds would naturally seek, and trees like the mountain ash, the mulberry, the black cherry and choke cherry, with bayberry bushes, and other trees and shrubs of a similar kind were planted here and there along the paths or in unoccupied spaces, would not this add much to the attractiveness of these silent cities and rob them of something of the gloom that inevitably hangs over them?

No Christmas is like its predecessor. Bethlehem grows more enchanting. The strain of the angels is sweeter.

## The French Phoenix

EDW. FOX SAINSBURY

**I**T is the proud boast, a boast justified by history. The City of Paris proclaims it on her escutcheon. Paris may be threatened by the foe, the floods may compass her on every side; still she is never submerged. Paris represents the country's character and genius, so France always rises, defeating all efforts to destroy her.

Whole districts have been destroyed, cities in ruins, thousands of villages wiped out as though an earthquake had passed, leaving no trace. The only way of knowing where a smiling, prosperous, happy village once stood is afforded by a post stating, "Here was the village of, say, Pont-aux-Bois."

Have the brave yet never submerged people, whose once happy homes are now mere rubbish heaps, given way to despair? A less heroic people might have. We in England and you in America can only dimly grasp the situation. Five million of people, ruined and homeless; food has been lacking; health impaired; and yet this sorely tried population, with a courage that is sublime, an intelligence that is marvelous, and a tenacity that knows no limit, is working, working often sixteen hours a day, so long as strength lasts, to remake, literally remake a country as large as Belgium. The people are doing this, not its government.

What other land has ever been so destroyed and so speedily set to the work of restoration by the labor of its inhabitants, men, women, and children? Towns are being rebuilt, villages of wooden cottages are rising up everywhere; temporary shelters for the working heroes and heroines have sprung up, fields have been cleared of war's abominations, and smiling harvests gathered in.

A British officer, touched by and wondering at, the strenuous work of a young girl ploughing—a mere slip of a girl, spoke to her; no answer, so intent was she on her work. He then ventured to say, "Could not your father or a brother help?" "Non, Monsieur, my father

died for France and my only brother is watching the cruel enemy on the Rhine. If I work like this it is because I must." The girl had that proud look seen on the face of a French peasant who would not accept charity. The officer saluted as he would an equal, full of admiration for a country producing such stout-hearted young girls.

American help to devastated France has been invaluable, for which she is and ever will be grateful, but the sympathy expressed and the devotion of the nurses of the splendid ambulances have appealed more to French people than the money aid given by the great Sister Republic to help them in the hour of need. It will take many years to restore the homes and factories of Northern France. The avowed object of the enemy was to destroy France. He has in a measure succeeded; but for the ardent patriotism of this great nation, great in war, greater in peace, national ruin would have resulted.

Nature has not been idle. She has clothed the hillside and plains with grass and flowers. Trees have been planted. Thus the hideous scars of war are being hidden. Homes or shelters are springing up; happy children are learning to play; little mites who have never known what playing meant are laughing and singing, but the joy of life has gone forever in this world from the lives of mothers and fathers whose sons gave their lives in their defense, for France and liberty. Such a people cannot and will not die; such a people give an example to the world by its heroic struggle to save the dear Motherland its cherished liberty and the world's liberty.

We give one instance of the marvelous efforts being made by French people to create a New France, how they cling to it, how they love it!

Pont-à-Mousson—how familiar the name, for it was the first town to be bombarded, close to the frontier a few miles from the great fortress of Metz, with its thousand guns, received its daily storm of shot and shell which never entirely ceased till the armistice was signed. Four years and two months of bombardment! Of its 14,000 pre-war inhabitants, 100 were killed, 250 badly wounded, a few escaped, some were hurt. Of 1877 houses, 1642 destroyed or rendered uninhabitable, six million dollars of damages. Gradually the inhabitants left, but the final order of evacuation was made August 8, 1918, three months before the armistice. Nine months after, 5,000 inhabitants have returned and found homes somewhere. The Mayor of Nancy has advanced 1,500,000 francs for urgent repairs; several schools and churches have been opened; everywhere reconstruction is going on.

Metz sent at once 80,000 francs for food; a week after, 100,000 francs; then followed 300 stoves, 250 cooking ovens, mattresses, bedding, saucepans, pails, etc., all given. What Pont-à-Mousson has done all the stricken towns and cities are doing. So far government has done but little, the public purse is sadly empty for a time.

France has deserved well of Fate. She will be rewarded. Her place in the world has never been higher. Uncover, when you see her glorious flag; it is the symbol of a virile nation whose motto, "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality," adds a new dignity—new honor to the human race. Vive la France!

Hastings, England.



EMERGENCY STATION OF LOS ANGELES S. P. C. A.

G. E. HOWARD

**T**HIS is a view of the new emergency service station just opened by the Los Angeles Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as a haven for injured, sick or homeless animals. Its modern and completely equipped operating room is in charge of Dr. R. M. Scott, formerly assistant state veterinarian of Arizona. An ambulance, built specially for the S. P. C. A., will be sent for any animal that cannot be brought to the station, upon request by telephone. The large paddock seen at the left in the picture gives the patients ample room for outdoor exercise while convalescing, and upon recovery an effort will be made to find a home for each one.

Upon completion of the Jack London Home for Friendless Animals, now in course of construction, dogs, cats and all small animals will be taken care of there and only the larger ones kept at the emergency station.



3 × 1 = 9

ROLAND CORTHELL

**A**N up-to-date automobile is a thing to admire. Its solidity, its graceful lines, its shining surface, its roominess, its evident comfort, its hidden and mysterious power, its marvelous swiftness of motion—all combine to awaken wonder and admiration.

But there is another force, not so swift and not so strong, but possessing qualities which the self-propelled vehicle can never possess—a thing of greater beauty and infinitely finer workmanship, a thing throbbing with life, a thing of intelligence and even affection, and just as responsive to man's bidding, which no machine of man's construction, marvelous as it may be, can ever supplant. You know what I am thinking of—the horse. Man made the automobile. God made the horse. Is there a finer sight on our city streets than a great, handsome, well-groomed, clean-limbed, well-nourished horse, faithfully, steadily and cheerfully pulling its great load, responsive to the slightest wish of its master, the driver? What the picture is to the landscape itself, what the cold statue is to the living man, what the written word is to the thrilling tones of the spoken utterance, what the spirit is to the body—so is the quivering, breathing, living animal to the machine of inanimate wood and iron.

One beautiful horse is worth the attention of any man or woman. What shall we say of the well-matched pair of horses, harmonious in size and shape, color and action, side by side straining their great muscles in moving a heavy load over the pavement! I think I have discovered a great law—the law of the force of numbers—in equine matters, upon the normal human beholder. If one horse excites a given amount of interest and pleasure, how great will be the effect upon the mind of teams of two or more horses? You will find that this is the law! The effect upon the human mind of varying teams of draught horses is as the square of the number of animals. That is, a span of horses is not simply twice as beautiful and inspiring as one horse, but four times as much so (the square of two being four). When you harness three horses side by side, you will receive exactly nine times as much pleasure as when you gaze upon a single specimen of the genus *Equus*. If you should combine in one team before some tremendous load ten great animals, well matched in shape and size, and of the same or contrasting colors, according to the law stated, you would receive exactly one hundred times the pleasure that one such horse would give you. If you doubt it, try it and see.

I saw a team the other morning I can see yet and shall for a long time,—three great, beautiful animals harnessed abreast to the handsome wagon of a well-known business house. The two outer horses were light gray, almost white, the one between them pure black. Finely harnessed, plump, smooth and strong, they were pulling their heavy load easily and willingly. Really, the autos were not "in it." The beauty, the life, the straining muscles, the intelligent, liquid eyes, the arching necks, the firmly planted feet, the shapely legs, the flowing manes and tails, made a picture which belittled any machine man ever got together. I predict that in the year 3,000 you will see, if you are here, horses, lots of them, on the streets of Boston.

Decorate with Be Kind to Animals pennants—red, purple or blue. Price, 20 cents each, postpaid.



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THREE PEDIGREED ARABIAN MARES

## THE HORSE SALE

**AGAINST** you, Sir!" "Twenty pounds I am bid!"

"Twenty-five!" called I (my suspense I hid).

"Thirty!" "Thirty-three!" I could bid no more.

Then a pause, a silence, then "Thirty-four!"

He was restless now. "Whoa! Dobbin there, whoa!"

Did he know, I wonder, he'd have to go?

Then he turned, and his looks said plain to me:

"Is that all you've got, master, Thirty-three?"

"Yes, Dobbin, God help us!" cried I, and then,

A voice broke the stillness ('twas God's Amen!)

"Selling Dobbin, Dad, are you? Short of oals!"

And he put in my hands a roll of notes.

'Twas my soldier-son come home over seas.

Accident? answer to prayer? which you please!

Oft in dreams I cry: "I can bid no more;"

Then a pause, a silence, then "Thirty-four!"

But the morning drives all shadows away

And I hear in the paddock Dobbin's neigh.

REV. W. WILLIAMS, M.A.

## HONOR THE HEROIC HORSES

**WE** must not forget the part the horse played in the great war, says the *New York Herald*. To the horses in the world conflict, living and dead, is due unstinted praise. To them the victorious nations should erect a monument of unexampled beauty as a memorial of the sacrifices and sufferings of those who could only express their loyalty and devotion to duty by dumb obedience.

The hero horses of the great war gave their lives for our service. They faced shot and shell and "in the shock of battle fell." All honor to their memory!

**A** LADY was talking with a little Boston girl of eight years.

"And how do you celebrate Christmas at your house?" asked the lady. "Do you have a tree?"

"Oh, no," replied the little girl. "The children hang up their hosiery, but we older ones simply exchange our gifts."

## THE FUNNY MAN!

From a correspondent in Quebec, Canada

**A** LITTLE bit of lawyer's logic made use of in this country recently might be amusing to your readers if it were not so nauseating. Eleven drivers were brought before a magistrate for driving eleven horses several miles per day on the tow-path of the Welland Canal whilst suffering from sore and wounded shoulders.

The drivers did not deny the offense, they could not; the horses were there to speak for themselves (but only metaphorically, more's the pity). The usual mistaken sympathy was shown for the culprits by the magistrate or someone else, inasmuch as it was decided to try one of the men as a test case, and presumably allow the other ten to go free, on the presumption that they would not do it again (until the next time). But just then the funny man in the case stepped forward, in the shape of the lawyer for the defense. He pleaded that many and many a time human beings have to do their work when they are suffering from illness of some kind and even from wounds or sores.

"If such be the case" said this incipient Solon, "why should we be more careful about animals than we are about men? Why should not these horses be made to do their work, sores or no sores?"

The country that can produce a lawyer like that should feel proud of him! But, for some reason unstated, the magistrate held over the decision for "deliberation," and no judgment has so far been given in the case. NEXT!!

**I** SAW on those vast plains in Hungary the greatest herds of beautiful horses that could be seen anywhere on earth. From that reservoir most of the cavalry horses for Europe's armies came prior to the war.

It was of herds like them that Byron wrote:

"And feet that iron never shod  
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,  
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,  
Like waves that follow o'er the sea."

GIRARD

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

DECEMBER, 1919

### FOR TERMS see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### PREVENTING THE GROWTH OF HORNS

WE have always advocated preventing the growth of horns on calves by the use of caustic potash; that is, where one wishes hornless cattle, or to prevent the possibility of someone's later dehorning them. Moisten the spot on the calf's head where the beginning of the horn is felt, and then rub lightly, till red, with the caustic potash, not breaking the skin. We have often done this, and never observed anything like suffering on the calf's part except a slight shaking of the head for a very few minutes. It should be done before the calf is two weeks old. The younger the better. The following in this connection is worth knowing: The pain from the use of caustic potash yields quickly to the application of water, a fact by no means known even by all veterinarians. We fancy that generally the spot is rubbed too hard with the potash.

### REASONING FROM ONE TO THE OTHER

IF it be true, as stated in a foreign humane journal, that common salt will kill chickens, that citric acid, the base of lemonade, promptly kills cats and rabbits, that horses, hyenas and hedgehogs can drink prussic acid (a deadly poison to man) with impunity, and that a pigeon can take 12 grains of morphine without serious effects, we certainly need to be most careful in reasoning from one to the other as to the results of experimentation upon one for the benefit of the other.

### DOCTORS EXPERIMENTING ON THEMSELVES

A DISPATCH to the *New York Times* from St. Paul says:

To prove his theory that germs do not cause disease, Dr. H. A. Zettel, electropath, of St. Paul, has challenged Dr. H. W. Hill, executive officer of the Minnesota Public Health Association, to a duel to the death with germs. Dr. Hill accepted the challenge and the two will expose themselves to the most virulent of contagious diseases, including typhoid, smallpox, and bubonic plague.

Dr. Zettel will use in his defense against the germs only sanitation, pure air, and sanitary food and drink. Dr. Hill will expose himself after scientific inoculation and vaccination.

Outside of their families we doubt if anyone will object to any amount of experimentation these doctors may want to practise on themselves.

### WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

WHAT is behind the spirit of lawlessness, of mob violence, breaking out here, there, everywhere over the land? We used to imagine we were a law-respecting people. When the Boston policemen struck, a flood of vandalism rose to the surface as if from subterranean reservoirs of vice, and overflowed the streets. Here was a revelation of an element in the community that had been held in leash, not because it had the slightest regard for law and the rights of property, but solely from fear of punishment. From personal observation and from the testimony of others, we are convinced that the majority of the wild mob that roamed through the streets that memorable night, smashing windows, plundering shops, and assaulting honest citizens, were young men.

Somewhere, once, these young thieves and anarchists went to school. There was the place where society had its one chance to train them for citizenship. The church reaches, can reach, only a fraction of the vast army of youth that will constitute the coming generations. The public school is bound to have substantially all of them for a period of years.

What has been the theory of education under whose influence so many of those youths have come? Too largely this, that if you can teach a boy to read and write and do his arithmetic, and give him a few other bits of information, you can safely send him out to take his place in the community as a safe and fairly well-educated citizen.

No more fundamental mistake was ever made. Out of the heart are the issues of life. The more you train the head, leaving unreached the real springs of action whence flow the streams that determine character, the more dangerous a citizen do you make out of your pupil. University training, the utmost discipline in scientific studies, involves necessarily, no moral quickening of the soul. The emotions, says Herbert Spencer, are the masters and the intellect the servant. Unless back of the latter there are high, generous, governing principles which have a home in the inner life, your intellect may become but the more fatal instrument for evil because of its training. The sharper your Damascus blade, the better its temper, the more dangerous it becomes in the hand of the vicious and cruel.

General Ben. Butler, once trying a case where an expert from Harvard University was upon the stand, having spoken somewhat brusquely to the expert, was rebuked by the opposing attorney and asked if he did not know that the gentleman was a distinguished Harvard professor. "Yes," was the reply, "we hanged one of them some years ago." His reference was to the celebrated Webster murder case.

Hiram Powers, the well-known American sculptor, said years ago to Mr. Angell, the founder of the American Humane Education Society, "The great need in our country is the education of the heart!" and here is the answer to the question with which we began. This is humane education—the cultivation in the heart of youth of the spirit of justice, fair play, generosity, compassion, kindness toward all life no matter in what form it meets us, on four legs or two legs or on wings that fly. Humane education has no war to wage with scientific training, or with any of the things taught in our public schools. Its warfare is against that and that only which makes for injustice, lawlessness, crime, race prejudice, whatever separates and divides a man from his fellow, against

war and violence, disregard of others' rights, cruelty in any of its multitudinous shapes.

Of course it includes the teaching of the claims upon us of the animal world for just and kindly treatment. It believes that no man who is indifferent to the welfare of that vast realm of animal life which touches us at every turn can be trusted to deal righteously and kindly with his fellow men. Its students have learned by long years of experience, and from the testimony of many a well-known educator, that nothing so predisposes the heart of youth to recognize the obligations it is under toward human kind as that education which has awakened in him the consciousness of his obligation to deal justly and humanely with the creatures below him. Of seven thousand pupils in an Edinburgh school for a period of years when humane education was a part of the curriculum, and of whom a record was kept, not one was found to have incurred in later life a criminal record. The distinguished French teacher, De Sailly, says,

"It is time we ceased to think of humane education as meaning no more than calling the attention of children to the need of being kind to animals. It strikes at the very root of human character. Without it your schools and universities may only turn out the cleverest anarchists and criminals."

At the heart of it what is humane education? It is the teaching of the principles of all that is fundamental in religion, no matter what our creed. Indifferent to the question of sect or church, never asking whether the school be Catholic or Protestant, finding always common ground where all can stand, the American Humane Education Society has been now for 30 years sowing the seed with liberal hand. More than four millions of boys and girls have been reached by its workers in the schools of this country. But what are four millions to the hundreds of millions that during these 30 years have come and gone through the schools of the United States? Find us, if you can, among those gathered into our Bands of Mercy and Junior Humane Leagues, one who had part in the mobs that have disgraced so many of our cities, in the deeds of lawlessness and violence that have shamed the good name of the Republic! We believe you cannot find a single one.

### A FINE SUGGESTION

OVER against the demand for universal military training, how fine by contrast is the suggestion of Anatole France that a delegation of teachers of all nations meet to formulate in common a universal system of instruction, and consider the means to be taken to implant in young minds the ideas from which would spring the peace of the world and the union of the peoples? Are we still blind to the utter fallacy of the ancient dictum that "if you want peace prepare for war"?

### NEGRO EDUCATION

ACCORDING to Bulletin 38 of the Department of the Interior the appropriations for higher schools for white pupils in the South is \$6,430,000, while for higher schools for Negro pupils it is \$333,000. In some states the appropriation for each Negro child is less than one-tenth the amount for each white child. In Alabama the Negroes constitute 41 per cent of the population and have 10 per cent of the value of the school property and 11 per cent of the appropriations.





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868  
**DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President**  
**HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor**  
**EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer**  
**GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary**

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**JOHN R. MACOMBER, President of Harris, Forbes and Company**

#### Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance) Brookline 6100  
**L. WILLARD WALKER, Chief Officer**

#### MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated..... 857  
 Animals examined..... 6,446  
 Number of prosecutions..... 18  
 Number of convictions..... 17  
 Horses taken from work..... 168  
 Horses humanely destroyed..... 162  
 Small animals humanely destroyed..... 322

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined..... 24,613  
 Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed..... 62

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$2000 (additional) from Hon. Samuel C. Cobb of Boston, and \$25 (in part) from Col. F. S. Richardson of Pittsfield.

It has received gifts of \$250 from Miss C. P.; \$200 from W. L. R.; \$100 each from C. H. E., I. W. C., and Mrs. A. B. W.; \$50 each from B. A., Mrs. J. H. S., C. T. C., Miss M. W. R., and E. S. C.; \$35 from Miss M. A. for endowment of free dog kennel in memory of Don; \$25 each from Miss C. C. P., Mrs. H. C. M., and Miss G. B.; \$20 each from H. O. D., W. F., G. W., Miss E. H. B., Mrs. A. S., and \$20 from four children of North Andover; and \$15 from Mrs. A. H. D.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Allen Haskell of Boston, and of Elizabeth W. Davenport of Brookline.

The American Humane Education Society acknowledges a bequest of \$450 (in part) from Mary B. Olmsted of Moodus, Connecticut, "in memory of George T. Angell." It has received \$32.46 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, and \$34.13 from the Rhode Island Humane Education Society.

November 11, 1919.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

**F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,**  
*Chief Veterinarian*

**H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D.,**  
**WM. M. EVANS, D.V.S.,** } *Resident Assistants*

**D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.,**  
**C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S.,**  
**E. F. SHROEDER, D.V.S.,** } *Veterinarians*

**HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent**

#### FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	375	Cases	372
Dogs	258	Dogs	250
Cats	90	Cats	115
Horses	26	Horse	1
Leopard	1	Birds	6
Operations	207		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915,	15,924		
Free Dispensary cases	18,185		
Total	34,109		

#### MAJOR AINSLEY R. HOOPER

**BOTH** the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society lost a Director of long standing and valuable service in the death of Major Ainsley R. Hooper, at his home in East Boston, October 10. Major Hooper was a native of Nova Scotia, though of New England ancestry, who came to Massachusetts in time to enlist in the Civil War, where he had an enviable record. He became a mechanical engineer and invented coal hoisting machines, tramways, floating elevators, etc., carrying on a very successful business. He was president of the East Boston Savings Bank, a trustee of the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea, a prominent member of Hooker Post 23, G. A. R., Union M. E. church, and many other organizations. He had been formerly for several years first vice-president of the American Humane Education Society. He is survived by a widow and one son, to whom the sympathy of a very wide circle of friends and associates is extended.

#### BROCKTON HUMANE SOCIETY

**BY** invitation of the Brockton (Mass.) Humane Society, the Secretary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was a guest at a special meeting, October 29, held to discuss ways and means of making the organization more effective. After considering in detail many of the Society's problems, the members listened to a brief account of the national convention at Norfolk. There was a good attendance, and much enthusiasm for the local work was manifested.

#### A WILD VISITOR

**A** WILD pheasant recently flew to the Angell Animal Hospital and just outside the office windows of our "animal protective department" tarried in undisturbed safety. Within a few yards of hundreds of rumbling street-cars and passing vehicles and only as many feet from scores of pedestrians of all ages, could it have known how secure it was in that strangely chosen spot?

#### MRS. FISKE'S APPEAL

**THE** distinguished actress, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, in a letter to the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, says, after calling attention to the sufferings connected with the slaughter of our food animals, and the abolishing of the traffic in aigrettes once the cruelty of the business was understood:—

And furs! No intelligent woman with an atom of humanitarianism in her soul will consent to support the business of trapping when she learns what the wearing of trapped furs means. The writer has for twenty years been associated with various organizations which are endeavoring to enlighten women on these curiously hidden subjects. The wearing of furs—most furs—means sufferings, tortures, agonies that not one human being in a million would have the courage to face. It involves incredible acts of martyrdom on the part of warm-blooded, sensitive, living creatures. That the fur of the ermine is the badge of royalty is the grimmest joke in all the world of ironic jests. The trapping of the ermine is about as low a business as is possible to the imagination. When women the world over learn what the wearing of furs means they will abolish the trapped fur as they abolished the aigrette.

Fur-bearing animal farms are coming into existence. There are several in operation at the present time. On these farms the animals are humanely reared and humanely destroyed. We pray for the coming of that day of enlightenment when women will refuse to wear furs that do not come from these farms. If women would band together for one year—and an organization in each city would accomplish the desired end—in refusing to purchase trapped furs, the boycott would be sufficient to put an end to the traffic.

#### A TRAPPER'S CONFESSION

**I**N a recent letter to the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, a correspondent has this to say:

In the issue of today's paper I have paid particular attention to Mrs. Fiske's comment on the boycott of furs that were trapped and not raised on the ever-increasing fur farms of America.

I have trapped animals myself, and when I look back at those days I think of the cruelty and horrors of the practice of slaughtering God's creatures for their skins that He who rules over all has given them. Walking on Chestnut street one will notice vain women wearing furs to attract the attention of passers-by. Forgive them, for they know not what they do. It is up to the United States Government to stop the practice of trapping.

#### THE AVIATOR AND THE HORSE

**WE** thoroughly agree with the paragraph below which appeared in a local paper.

That if they killed as many horses in the endurance contest as they have men in the cross-country flying trip, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would have been heard from long ago.

#### JUSTICE TO JAPAN

**B**ISHOP McKIM, of Tokyo, said at the recent Episcopal Convention: "I believe Japan had some good reason for holding Shantung. Japan says she will return Shantung to China, and Japan always keeps her word. I wish I could say the same for the United States Government."



## American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

### Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*  
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### Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

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Mrs. Alice W. Manning . . . . .	Turkey
Jerome Perinet, <i>Introduit des Bands of Mercy en Europe</i> . . . . .	Switzerland

### Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, *Columbia, South Carolina*  
Mrs. Alice L. Park, *Palo Alto, California*  
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, *San Diego, California*  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, *Tacoma, Washington*  
James D. Burton, *Harriman, Tennessee*  
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, *Atlanta, Georgia*  
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, *Fort Worth, Texas*  
Miss Blanche Finley, *Columbia, South Carolina*  
Mr. John Burke, *Cincinnati, Ohio*

### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate titles of our two Societies are "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" and "The American Humane Education Society"; and that they have no connection with any other Societies of similar character.

### FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society) incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of . . . . . dollars (or if other property describe the property).

### THE SHAME OF THE ROUND-UP

SOMETHING took place recently in Seattle, Washington, which sadly illustrates the hold upon certain of our western states of forms of amusement, not only involving great cruelty, but well fitted to encourage in the heart of youth every tendency to treat unjustly the world of animal life. In honor of the President's visit and of the presence of the Fleet, one of these exhibitions which includes "broncho-busting" and "bull-dogging" was to be given. Right here let us say that our representative in Washington, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, and others at her suggestion, immediately telegraphed to the President's secretary, telling of what was purposed, and received the reply that it was not the President's intention to attend any such exhibition.

With a copy of the law in her hand, which absolutely forbids such acts of cruelty as are involved in these round-ups, Mrs. Nichols, a woman at once of gentlest and yet most heroic spirit, visited the various officials of the state whose duty it was to see that the law was observed. Unable to obtain any satisfaction, she finally had on the ground on the day of the show a thoroughly competent state humane officer who had been appointed through her activity, L. V. McWhorter. Mr. McWhorter is personally known to us, and we cannot speak too highly of him. Instead of being encouraged in any way by the other state officials entrusted with the enforcement of law and order, Mr. McWhorter was forcibly ejected from the grounds by the local police, who did not purpose to see any of the "fun" spoiled.

As we write we have a copy of a letter written by the Governor of the state to Mr. McWhorter telling him that unless the show was particularly cruel, inasmuch as the citizens of Seattle had brought it there for the entertainment of the boys of the Fleet, probably it would not be well to interfere, but if there were any cruel acts that he should act promptly under properly constituted authority. This letter was sent by a messenger to Mr. McWhorter. Instead, however, of being delivered to him, it was opened in the arena and read to the public, with the announcement, after the reading, "that all the show now goes."

That our readers may know something of what these amusements involve, we may quote from a letter of a vice-president of the Seattle Humane Society to the editor of a local paper, in which he says, in part: "Friday afternoon I witnessed one of the most disgraceful affairs ever seen in Seattle at the so-called round-up. One poor steer had a horn pulled off and the lower part of its jaw torn off, and another was killed." An eye witness also writes that one of the bronchos was so injured by the spurs of its rider that the blood literally dripped to the ground.

We are pleased to know that those who endeavored to prevent this shame are proceeding to prosecute those who deliberately defied the laws of the state. It is time that this abomination was abolished from those cities and towns of our western states where it is permitted.

Since writing the above we have seen in *Our Animals* an editorial of the *Post Intelligencer* of Seattle, which very humbly apologizes to the decent people of that city for its failure to make "vigorous and effective protest against the so-called rodeo which unaccountably found place on the local program for the entertainment of the Fleet. Such a protest should have been made and made in time to prevent the debasing exhibition. As for the future, let it now be understood that Seattle is not the place for the

rodeo, nor for any exhibition of the kind given last week by whatever name it may be offered."

It is interesting to know also that the Associated Press, the largest news-gathering organization in the world, "has set its seal of disapproval against these shows, and refuses to carry mention of them in its auxiliary mail service."

### THE GRAVES IN FRANCE

WHO of us has not thought of those graves in France? The graves of our dead. Who could portray the sadness of the task of bringing back the forms they hold? One can almost see the lonely ships with their pathetic freight sailing the silent seas at night. One of our honored vice-presidents, Miss Georgiana Kendall of New York, wrote recently to the *New York Herald* a letter touching this subject which we reproduce here. Its appeal to all whose blessed dead now sleep in France could not be more beautiful or tender.

#### Graves in France

To the Editor of the *Herald*:—

It would be a regrettable mistake to bring back our soldiers from France—from the spot which their presence honors and sanctifies as their blest resting place.

"Flanders fields,

Where poppies blow

Between the crosses,

Row on row

That mark our place,"

would not mean very much if that consecrated soil were despoiled of the presence of the heroic dead who sleep there.

Requiescat in pace! Let them rest there as an emblem of victory and of an everlasting peace between those distant countries and our own.

Bird sanctuaries, as we call them, are taking form among us here—in the lonely cemetery and elsewhere.

The gracious poet, Vogelweide, who in his lifetime had found joy and inspiration from his feathered friends, bequeathed when dying a certain sum that birds which he had loved in life should find a safe haven near his grave—a bird sanctuary—where their song should serve as requiem for the dead.

When decorative trees are planted in our FIELDS OF HONOR over there, let us select those which will invite the sweet songsters to gather thereabout at nesting time—trees which will provide their wonted food in winter and in summer.

Over the gateway entrance the solemn inscription, "Lafayette, we are here," would serve as reminder that our pledge had been nobly fulfilled.

Do not bring back our dead! Let our silent army remain there, near where they fought and fell, guarding the peace between our Allies and ourselves.

New York City, Sept. 23, 1919.

### HUMANE CALENDAR FOR 1920

THE American Humane Education Society, of Boston, has issued in the interest of animal protection a handsome calendar with frontispiece of a beautiful dog. The calendar pad contains a collection of memory gems, quotations from standard authors, suggestions for care of animals, helpful hints for teachers, short anecdotes, etc. The calendar is ready for delivery, the price being 20 cents per single copy, or two copies for 35 cents, postpaid. Special prices on large orders.

## THE SILENCE OF THE PULPIT

WE used to know well the Hon. James M. Brown, of Toledo, Ohio. It was when he was president of the American Humane Association that we heard him deliver the address containing these words:

It is but a comparatively short time since this Association sent an official communication to the heads of ecclesiastical bodies in this country, calling their attention to the terrible cruelty almost universally inflicted upon the lower orders of life, and the consequent demoralizing influence upon men, and asking if the same might not be made the subject of an earnest appeal by them to the ministry under them, to at least once a year preach a sermon in behalf of these dumb creatures.

Only a small fraction of these received any reply. . . .

Before the judicial intelligence of the universe, where men must make account for deeds done in the body, in the name of the millions of suffering subjects of man's dominion, I impeach the recreant priests and ministers of the earth for gross neglect of duty, in that they have failed to cry aloud, in that they have failed to lift up their voices like a trumpet, in that they have failed to teach men their transgressions committed in the exercise of their dominion "over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, the cattle and everything that creepeth upon the face of the earth."

## A DOG UNIVERSITY

Editorial in the *News*, San Jose, California

MISS HAYME HARTMAN of Omaha has arrived in Los Angeles with a new idea. She proposes to set up a school for the education of dogs. Miss Hartman says:

"There are dogs who do not know how to ride properly on the running board of your automobile. They should be taught to understand that riding on the running board of an automobile is an art a dog should be proud to know about."

Miss Hartman is on the right track. The trouble with dogs is, they have always been too democratic, too little conscious of the wide gulf there is between pedigreed dogs and common dogs, between rich people and common people. If Miss Hartman can only train dogs to ride proudly upon the running board of an automobile, gazing loftily about as through a lognette, then indeed will something worth while have been achieved.

The main thing that Miss Hartman should work on, is the elimination of most dogs' habit of loving everybody. To the delicate and sensitive mind, accustomed to the usages of polite society, there is something disgusting in the ordinary dog's hail-fellow-well-met attitude. We have known dogs that would lick the hand of a tramp, laboring, apparently, under the illusion that a tramp was a human being. A certain reserve, a fine aristocratic coolness, should be inculcated by Miss Hartman in the dogs she undertakes to educate.

And after Miss Hartman has finished educating dogs, she might assist Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University in introducing similar ideas into the minds of human beings.

DUTY is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life. GLADSTONE



"PETER FAGIN," SAID TO BE THE BEST KNOWN AND BEST LOVED DOG IN CHICAGO

## TO WIGGINS

LENORE S. HANFORD

'E WAS only a dog after all," they said,  
"And dogs 'ave no souls, that's sure;"  
But the world seems a pretty poor place to me,  
Since they carried 'im in 'ere dead.

'E was my Pal, and wol did 'e care  
For trench mud or wet or cold;  
'E was my dog, and I'd give my right 'and  
For the 'Un wol polled 'im there.

'Is little war jacket is stiff with blood,  
The blood of a dyin' man,  
'Is eyes, O 'is beautiful friendly eyes  
Is stopped up with ooze and mud.

'E'd keep 'is 'ead in the fiercest fight,  
When the shells flew thick as fleas;  
And many's the lad that 'as owed 'im 'is life  
On No Man's Land at night.

And now that 'e's dead as 'e'll ever be  
I've a 'ope in my 'eart that's strong,  
That when it comes my turn to go over West  
My Pal will be waitin' for me.

## "WOODMAN, SPARE THE BIRDS!"

UNDER this heading Miss Stanwood of Ellsworth, Maine, writes of the destruction of bird life through the rapid cutting down of all forest growth suitable for pulp purposes. That so much of this is done in the nesting season is the burden of Miss Stanwood's complaint. Even on old farms to which birds have returned year after year the timber has been sold to meet the increasing demand, practically all trees up to 3½ inches in diameter going down before the woodman's ax. There is wise economy in the following:

"We shall feel the effects of this raid on the birds for years to come. By the exercise of some watchfulness and care, trees that are manifestly nesting trees might be left and their immediate value as mere wood be much more than replaced by the work of the birds in checking insect depredations."

What the birds do to protect our forests as well as our orchards and grain fields is little appreciated save by those who know the splendid service they render.

## HUMANE REVIVAL IN ATLANTA

A REVIVAL of the humane spirit has recently occurred among the citizens of Atlanta, Georgia, and a reorganization of the Humane Society effected. New officers, new life and growing support promise well for a new régime in which humane education is to have prime consideration.

The new order was started by a meeting of about fifty of the influential, public-spirited, humane residents whose united purpose it will be to put Atlanta in the front rank of cities which recognize and attempt to perform the great obligation of adequately and humanely caring for the dumb animals, neglected and abused children, and other unfortunates. It is stated that the welfare of unfortunate children and indigents of all races will be the special work of the society.

Plans are maturing for awakening greater public interest. The Atlanta press is lending its encouragement to the humane revival with commendable zeal; a work-horse parade is announced for the near future; Band of Mercy organization will be continued with the promised coöperation of the school teachers, and financial aid is being offered in individual gifts and popular subscriptions. In this campaign of humane revivalism, Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, a representative of the American Humane Education Society, has taken an active and prominent part.

## HUMANE CONFERENCE IN INDIA

THE Third Humanitarian Conference, which was held in Bombay, India, early in September, called forth a noteworthy attendance of delegates from all sections of that Empire. In the excellent report of over 80 pages of this great conference, there is much that should interest humanitarians the world over. Among the resolutions, which cover a variety of subjects and show how broad is the field of humane inquiry in India, we note the following, which were ably supported and passed:

That this Conference respectfully appeals to the Government of India to amend the existing laws on the subject of prevention of cruelty to animals to such an extent that they may prohibit (1) cruel sports and fashions, (2) docking of horses and dogs for fashion and other cruel practices to animals and birds.

That this Conference strongly recommends to the Educational Authorities that Health and Humane Education should be imparted to school boys and girls, as their minds are plastic and more easily influenced than the adult minds.

## THE EXTREME CRUELTY

THE fiendish cruelty of trapping was perhaps never better illustrated than by an advertisement clipped recently from the *Farm Journal*, showing a muskrat in the "Pull, Gnaw and Twist-Proof, Triple Clutch, High Grip Trap," which was sent to us by a prominent Boston lawyer with this brief comment:

"Enclosed is picture of a muskrat — the poor little fellow will live hours, perhaps days, in the extremes of suffering.

"He 'registers,' as they say in the movies, terror, agony, fear, wonder, despair. Poor little child of the wilds! Indeed humans pay an awful price for their furs!"

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.



## Stock Conditions in Texas

JOHN M. ADAMS, Superintendent Tarrant County Humane Society, Forth Worth, Texas

**Editor's Note:**—The following extracts are taken from a very carefully prepared paper presented at the annual meeting of the American Humane Association at Norfolk, Va., October 21, 1919. Mr. Adams here shows how greatly exaggerated were the reports of the loss of range stock in Texas, and points out the striking contrast in the condition of both cattle and stockmen today from that of a few years ago.

**I**N 1916 Texas had range cattle in round numbers amounting to 5,428,000; in 1917, a slight increase, 5,482,000; in 1918, 4,660,000; and in 1919, 3,961,000. In milk cows she had in 1916, 1,119,000; in 1917, 1,175,000; in 1918, 1,128,000; in 1919, 1,060,000. Thus in the elapsed time quite a decrease had taken place all along the line and the production was falling off. What was the cause? In the fall of 1917 there came a period when the rain ceased to fall and a drought came over all the land which continued through the entire year of 1918 or at least late into the fall. Then the report spread all over the country that the cattle were dying by the thousands. It was apparent to all of the cattlemen that the stock would have to be moved on account of insufficient range upon which to feed. It takes from ten to fifteen acres of good grass to properly feed an animal during the season, and they did not have it. Furthermore they were unable to find it, and many immature cattle were rushed to market without being finished. Feed stuff was short, the price was high and the market was flooded with cattle. We have no statistics reliable, but can safely say that a large number of fine breeding cattle, capable of production for a long while, were slaughtered and lost for the future production. When the shipping began the transportation tie-up followed.

Cattle died at shipping points awaiting cars, but not a large number. The government was using all the rolling stock for the movement of munitions and food for the army and the prayers of the cattlemen fell upon deaf ears even "though food would win the war." But the amount that actually starved to death in Texas on account of lack of feed was smaller than in any other part of the country on account of the mildness of the winters. We have tried to get figures but cannot, but all agree that the loss has been greatly exaggerated. The number of cattle that were kept on the range in Texas and saved by the shipped-in feed was very great, and those so saved were the salvation of the industry. The same feeding was kept up through the fall and winter of 1918 and the drought was not entirely broken until the spring of 1919.

Texas has had many droughts, but none such as in 1916, 1917 and 1918. Never before was there a time when some range could not be had for stricken cattle. This time it was all over the southwest and there was no place to move. Ordinarily if rains come in August or September, even as late as October, sufficient grass or weeds will grow to winter on. The stockmen were every day reminded that "food will win the war" and they were praying for the rains that would enable them to save their stock. The dry spell had lasted so long—longer than ever before in history. It was unprecedented that rain would not fall in the late summer or early fall of 1918. They looked over into Arkansas and to Louisiana, to Oklahoma and New Mexico, but no relief was to be had, for conditions were as bad if not worse in those states. Large numbers were shipped into the southeastern states for breeding purposes, and many good breeding cattle were slaughtered as mentioned before, but there were no million



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CATTLE BROUGHT INTO TEXAS FROM THE INTERIOR OF MEXICO  
BY VAQUEROS

cattle starving in Texas as was reported all over the United States. Distress cattle came to the Fort Worth market and were largely used for canners, but the loss from the extreme dry spell was not a large one.

Why was it so much smaller in Texas than elsewhere? Because of the climate. A friend of mine who has a small ranch of several hundred thousand acres in the San Angelo country told me in August, 1918, that he in all probability would have to feed 100 per cent of his cattle during the winter. In November he said it would not be more than fifty per cent, and in February he told me that he had only to feed twenty-five per cent, because the winter rains came on and the season was an open one with no snow or ice at all.

During the pioneer days of the cattle industry everything went in Texas. Humane laws there were not, and conditions were very bad. Cattle was a commodity for food, and other considerations were secondary. Free grass was a slogan in our state and the man who fenced in a pasture for a farm had wire cutters out against him over night.

But what of the future? The old order has gone; is not going, but has disappeared. No longer does the cowboy don his chaps and boots, ride in to the city with a forty-five buckled around him. I have seen the time when one could ride up the main street of my home city, ride into the saloon and order two drinks, one for himself and one for the horse, and try to make the horse drink it. But the horse, having more sense than he, did not do it. The cowboy has gone, the saloon has gone, the nation is dry. The cattleman now rides to the great Fort Worth Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show in the best Pullman he can get; he puts up, not at the wagon yard, as he once did, but at the best hotel we have. He represents the greatest industry in our section.

The new order is here. It is more humane than the old. Not simply because of altruistic reasons, but because the older ones have passed on and those now in authority realize the economic value of humane treatment. With a

constantly increasing population and a rate of increase in cattle production far less, there have come high prices. They will continue until production catches up with population increase. Cattle will never again be as cheap as in the olden times of free grass and big ranges; in the very nature of things it cannot be so. Agriculture is calling for more acreage, all at the expense of the range. Feeding will produce larger and finer grades of stock, but at a higher price than the range could do. Hence we may as well school ourselves to the ideas of high beef, for, like the poor, "it is with us always."

The ranges in Texas are now in fine shape. Grass was never better; the rainfall in Fort Worth and vicinity is more than eight inches in excess of the normal, which is 30 inches. I have had reports covering most of the state and they agree that never before did the country look so well. The season has been mild; the rain fine; the grass abundant; the price tip-top. Taken altogether the cattleman has come into good times.

Many practices of the old era have gone. Bulldogging, wild west performances, hog tying and things tinctured with savagery have disappeared almost entirely. The cattleman on the whole is a good fellow; free handed and liberal. He is a good citizen, and we are glad to have him. He does not build sky-scrapers like the oil man, but he likes to live on the best, will always have a fine home and plenty to eat on his table. He is kind to his horses and dogs, though he may not treat his stock so well. But he is growing with the times and eventually will come into full fruitage.

NO biographer of the horse knows just how or why the Arab when he once acquired this animal, which like coffee and the curved sword are held inseparable from him, was able to breed a strain of equine blood that for speed and endurance outpoints the rest of the world.

GIRARD

Extend your Christmas greetings by using the holiday humane stamps—25 cents per 100.

# PALS OF THE BLUEBIRDS

IN the news correspondence of the daily press about the middle of September there appeared a little story of kindness to nesting birds that should cause any reader to feel pride in belonging to the same race of beings as the mail carriers who figure so humanely in the incidents narrated, comments the *North Carolina Education*.

"Friends of small creatures," says the correspondent, "would laud Raymond Taylor, a rural mail carrier here (at Kinston), could they know the patience he has exercised toward a host of bluebirds the past few months. Route No. 3, Taylor's, seems to be a favorite with the birds. They have built innumerable nests in the mail boxes along it. Taylor has endeavored to spare the nests, and the farmer owners have manifested the same consideration. 'Jap' Horner, at Hines' Junction, for instance, tolerated three different nests in his. As fast as one brood would be hatched and the nest torn out by Horner, another would be built. Horner finally told the bluebird mother to carry on and not mind him at all. Sometimes when Carrier Taylor has approached a box, sitting birds have disregarded him entirely, seeming to place unlimited confidence in him.

"Carriers Raymond Taylor, of Kinston, and 'Jap' Horner, of Hines' Junction, North Carolina, are hereby commended to the attention of the Audubon Society as being worthy of that society's most distinguished decorations of honor."

## EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

### An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

# Meeting of Humane Workers

Enthusiastic Gathering at Norfolk, Va. — Many Unique Features

REPRESENTATIVES of humane societies in twenty-five states met in Norfolk, Va., for the forty-third annual convention of the American Humane Association, October 20 to 23, 1919. The exercises opened Monday, when two sessions were devoted to work for animal protection, followed by a third session Tuesday morning. Wednesday forenoon and all day Thursday were given over to work for children. An important round table discussion of problems relating to officers of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals was held Tuesday evening.

General discussions followed the presentation of papers on these subjects: "Should a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Accept Public Funds?" by John S. Ritenour, secretary Western Pennsylvania Humane Society, Pittsburgh; "What is Wrong with Some S. P. C. A.'s and Why?" by Wm. T. Phillips, secretary Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., Philadelphia; "The Dog in City and Country: Humane Societies' Obligation and Opportunity," by Welcome W. Bradley, secretary Nebraska Humane Society, Omaha; "How to Start an Animal Shelter," by Mrs. V. A. E. Dustin, secretary Animal Protective League, Cleveland, O.; "The Work of a Humane Revivalist," by Richard C. Craven, field organizer for the American Humane Association, Albany, N. Y.; "What an S. P. C. A. Agent Should Know," by F. L. Dutcher, president Humane Society of Rochester (N. Y.); "Some Aspects of a Larger Humaneness," by Dean W. Horace Hoskins, N. Y. State Veterinary College, N. Y. City; "Practical Organized Publicity for Animal Protection Societies," by Guy Richardson, Boston; "The Value of Watering Stations to an S. P. C. A., by John F. Cozens, superintendent Auxiliary to Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., Philadelphia.

Humane Education was considered by Miss Katherine P. Nye, secretary Washington County Humane Society, Marietta, O., who gave a very pleasing synopsis of her humane lecture for children, and by Miss Blanche Finley, field worker of the American Humane Education Society, who told of her work in the South and of reaching people who had never even heard of a humane society. Conditions of stock on western ranges and in transportation were

presented by several experts, one of the papers appearing in extracts elsewhere in this issue. Other subjects were "Range Stock Conditions as They Really Are," by Dr. Wm. W. Yard, former State veterinarian of Colorado; and "The Government's Plan for Improving Range Conditions," by Hon. James T. Jardine, inspector of grazing, U. S. Dep't of Agriculture.

Three evenings were devoted to mass meetings, held in the Armory for the benefit of the people of Norfolk. Monday evening general addresses were given by Col. Ernest K. Coulter, Washington, D. C., Dr. W. O. Robinson, president Ohio Humane Society, Cincinnati, O.; and Dr. W. O. Stillman, president of the Association. Tuesday evening was given over to the white children of Norfolk, who attended in large numbers, accompanied by their teachers, and listened to an address by Sup't Richard A. Dobie of the Norfolk Public Schools, and an illustrated lecture on the work of animal protection societies in the United States, by Field Organizer Richard C. Craven. The one big meeting of the entire convention was that of Wednesday, when the colored school children of Norfolk, 2,000 strong, marched in a body, accompanied by a band, to the Armory, where they enjoyed a program in charge of Principal D. G. Jacox. Many of the delegates to the convention were present to listen to the inspiring music of the colored pupils, who sang plantation and other melodies. Band of Mercy buttons and literature were distributed. This gathering, held at an early hour, was followed by a special meeting for the colored citizens, who showed their appreciation by a large attendance. Music was by the Hampton Quartet and the Excelsior Brass and Reed Band. The principal addresses were by Principal James E. Gregg of Hampton Institute, and Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas, field worker of the American Humane Education Society, who told of his efforts among the colored people of his state, and the splendid response to his appeals for humane education.

A feature, not on the program, was the special exhibition to the delegates of a number of official films taken by the war department in France, under the direction of Col. Ernest K. Coulter, who was present to explain them. They illustrated the building, transportation, and fighting operations of the American forces. This was the first public showing of these films, which were taken for historical purposes.

During the week addresses were given by prominent delegates in the Kies Memorial M. E. Church, and the editor of *Our Dumb Animals* had the privilege of speaking one morning to over 400 pupils in the Taylor grammar school.

The delegates were royally entertained on Tuesday afternoon by a trip to the beach, where a very generous oyster roast was enjoyed, and on Wednesday afternoon by an automobile ride about the city, including a visit to the Naval Training Station (the largest in the world), where a special drill was given in honor of the visitors.

All who attended enjoyed one of the best conventions ever held by the Association and the unfailing hospitality of the hosts. Mr. W. W. Crall, president of the Norfolk S. P. C. A., was untiring in his personal efforts to do everything possible for the enjoyment and comfort of the guests. At the business meeting, practically the same officers were elected, Dr. W. O. Stillman being unanimously chosen to continue as president of the Association. The next annual meeting will be held at Omaha, Nebraska.



A CONTENTED FAMILY AT THE REST FARM OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., METHUEN



MRS. SUCKLING AT HER HOME IN ROMSEY, ENGLAND, GREETING HER PETS ON CHRISTMAS EVE—"A HAPPY CHRISTMAS. YOU SHALL NEVER BE SOLD"

#### A DELIGHTFUL ENGLISH CUSTOM

FLORENCE H. SUCKLING

WE have a custom in the New Forest (in England) of bedding freshly all barns and stables on Christmas Eve. It is a survival of the old belief that the cattle kneel at midnight on Christmas Eve. I have long utilized the custom to greet all our domestic four-legged creatures with the promise that they shall "never be sold," and of late years they all come to the house for this promise. It is a good lesson to the household. It does not mean that the animals will die of old age, but that, if death comes, it will be here in their own quiet fields by means of the painless cattle killer, invented for this Society (Royal S. P. C. A.). I send you a picture of the scene of a few years ago.

Romsey, England.

#### BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Order the following books from the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston:

Our Dumb Animals, bound volume.....	\$1.25
Don — His Recollections, story of a horse.....	1.25
Black Beauty, cloth.....	.35
Beautiful Joe, cloth, \$1.25, .62 and.....	.35
The Birds of God, anecdotes.....	1.00
The Lady of the Robins, cloth.....	.30
Prince Rudolf's Quest (children).....	.75
For Pity's Sake, cloth.....	.30
Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst, cloth.....	.30
The Strike at Shane's, cloth.....	.25
The Humane Idea, Dr. Rowley.....	.25
Friends and Helpers (for schools).....	.75
Voices for the Speechless (for schools).....	.75
Songs of Happy Life, with music.....	.40

Send to above address for complete list of books, pamphlets, Band of Mercy supplies, Be Kind to Animals pennants, buttons, etc.

YEARS ago the editor of *Willows Journal*, California, stopped hunting as the result of reading *Our Dumb Animals*.

Use our holiday humane stamps on mail and Christmas packages. They are only 25 cents per 100.

#### SYMPATHY

BETH NICHOLS

*LIGHTNING lashed the giant elm.  
Left it broken-hearted.  
Torrents tore its limbs in twain,  
Then Life departed.*

*Morning came, I heard a song  
Filled with sympathy —  
A golden robin perched upon  
A dead bough of the tree.*

*So, in our lives, when sorrow tears  
Our heart's love into shreds,  
A golden robin always comes  
To bind the broken threads.*

#### WHERE BANDS OF MERCY THRIVE

THIS will be our fifteenth successful and happy year in Band of Mercy work," writes Principal W. S. Strickland of the Sherman School, Cincinnati, Ohio, in reporting the reorganization of twenty-three Bands and requesting that copies of *Our Dumb Animals* continue to be sent to the school.



A GUERNSEY COW AND HER CALF ON THE FARM OF MRS. DAVID G. PRATT NORTH MIDDLEBORO, MASS.

THE best of care, comfort and cleanliness are the unvarying rule with the animals on this fine estate. The caretaker, Mr. Ernest M. Drake, knows the value of such policy and practice. Domestic animals are said to reflect the disposition and characteristics of their masters or owners. Their friendliness, attachment and gentleness are born of kindly treatment on the part of their human caretakers and associates. Here is a good illustration of such relationship.

## The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

#### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
  2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- Send for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

#### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Nine hundred and seventy-eight new Bands of Mercy were reported in October. Of these 269 were in schools of Ohio; 170 in schools of Rhode Island; 129 in schools of Maine; 103 in schools of Connecticut; 101 in schools of Massachusetts; 60 in schools of Washington; 49 in schools of Texas; 36 in schools of North Carolina; 30 in schools of Georgia; 28 in schools of Pennsylvania; two in schools of Virginia; and one in Missouri.

Total Number Bands of Mercy, 121,652

#### BOYS SAVE LOST DOG

AN interested correspondent in Montreal, P. Q., sends the following pleasing incident about her Band of Mercy boys:—

"Tige, a two-year-old dog, was found last January, at the skating rink, by three little boys, members of the Green Meadow Band of Mercy, who brought him to us. The poor little fellow was so thin and in such a pitiful condition that he could hardly see or eat, and was only able to walk a few steps without falling down. I did not think that he would be alive in the morning, but after a few months' care and kind treatment, he became a happy, contented little dog. He wears a Be Kind to Animals badge on his collar, and is ready for a walk or a game. I am sure his message to all would be, 'Please give little (and big) lost dogs a kind home and friends.'"

The red letters of our Be Kind to Animals placard, with patriotic border, will look well on your Christmas tree. One for five cents, six for 25 cents, postpaid.

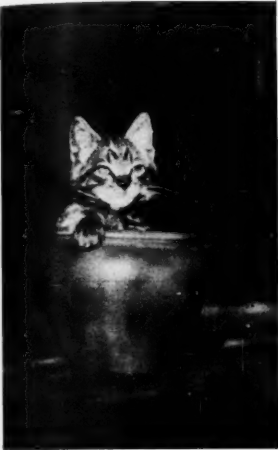




# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## THE TOM-CAT'S CHRISTMAS

VENITA R. DUDGEON



**T**OM was a handsome tiger cat and much loved member of the Pushington family. He felt keenly the press of holiday preparations which were going on in all parts of the house. You see he always received his full share of petting, but the day before Christmas was—well, you can guess how he felt.

Out on the front porch, the fragrant Christmas tree had just been set up. The glistening balls, the candles and a host of shiny things lay on the floor ready to be hung on the tree. The porch door was open a tiny crack, and though busy, we noticed Tom clawing

at the door till he opened it about a foot and began rolling one of the brightest balls around on the hardwood floor. Before we knew it Tom had rolled the ball through the door, and down it went, bump, bump, and then burst like an electric bulb in a thousand pieces! Poor Tom was so frightened that he scampered off into the newly fallen snow, and we saw nothing of him for an hour or two.

Tom came out of hiding in the evening. With wondering eyes he watched us play games and even listened quietly to the stories that Grandma told us.

Christmas morning dawned bright, crisp, snowy, and, in this house, somewhat noisy with very proper glee. Presents were plenty and much time was spent in opening parcels and looking at each others' gifts. Every one found two or three presents. There were no presents for Tom though, not even a loving pat and stroke! Why didn't we think of the loving little playfellow? Indeed Tom was sad in the midst of all this festive buzz. There wasn't even a string dangling for Tom to snatch at or chase.

While near the tree, looking up in wonder, Tom noticed a little cotton Santa all shiny and smiling down at him from a low branch of the tree. Suddenly he reached up once—then a second time, and caught the cotton Santa by the toe—then set both claws determinedly into Santa's feet and pulled as hard as he could. Without warning, the tree came tumbling over—click-click-click went some of the little bulbs—not as loud as it was startling. We sprang to catch the tree before it struck some one. A moment more and Mr. Tom-cat would have been hurt, and maybe some one else. The boys caught the tree half way to the floor but it had hit the top of a chair, knocking a heap of lovely trinkets to bits.

What do you suppose Tom did? He disappeared as if by magic. Poor Tom, where was he? We called and called, but no Tom. Was he, this time, aware of the extent of his mischief? We all saw him jump at the innocent Santa, never for a moment thinking he was so strong. It was all so sudden that no one could believe that our Tom was the cause.

In time Tom showed up and we all looked and commented this time. Here he came laboring across the center of the room, dragging the cotton Santa Claus. Of all the funny sights!

## SHE LOVES TO MAKE THE HORSES HAPPY



FRANCES ELIZABETH CURTIS

**T**HIS is the picture of a little child who, just beginning to talk, was taken to see the Horses' Christmas Tree given by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Post Office Square, Boston, last year. From that day to this, she has never ceased to ask for pennies for the Horses' Christmas Tree, and recently sent us a gift of five dollars. She is now with her mother in Alexandria, Egypt.

We felt almost like spanking this unusual tom-cat. Think of him pulling our Christmas tree over! Now here he was, with supreme indifference, playing with Santa himself. He never even looked up at us till Gracey burst out, as if inspired: "I know what he means! Tom never received any present." Then she told what he had done with the ball the day before and how he caught at ends of everything, but we were too busy to play. We all looked sheepishly at each other and then realized our precious pet had been shamefully neglected.

Early next day the children took Tom to a store and bought a lovely collar with a tiny bell on it. For a week they gave him cream or very rich milk to drink, and did all they could to "make up."

My, but Tom was happy, and purred his gratitude! Every Christmas Tom is to have his present, and never again will he have to chase the ends of decorations. He will have his very own little ball, and will keep it moving, too.

Let us remember our faithful friends at Christmas, even the pussy. If it weren't for Tom, our candy and cakes might all be eaten by the mice!

## THE CHRIST-CHILD

**T**HE Christ-child unto the stable came  
'Twixt the midnight and the morn;  
His mother laid Him softly down  
By the beasts of hoof and horn.  
The friendly kine a-near Him stood  
In the frost of the early day,  
And, little Brother of all the poor,  
He slept in the fragrant hay.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

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Remember the animals at Christmas.

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None.

Guy Richardson, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of October, 1919.

[Seal]

L. Willard Walker, Notary Public.  
(My commission expires Feb. 7, 1924.)

A well-known Highland drover sold a horse to an Englishman. A few days afterwards the buyer returned to him. "You said that horse had no faults." "Weel, no mair had he." "He's nearly blind!" said the indignant Englishman. "Why, mon, that's no' his fault — that's his misfortune!"

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